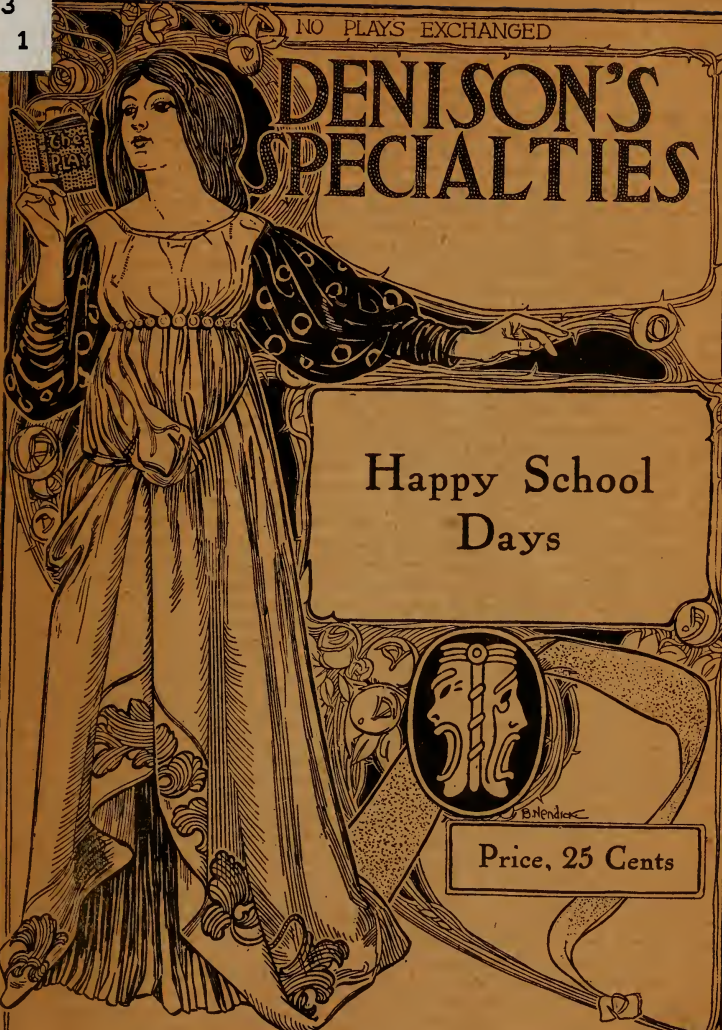


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Days



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**T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 154 W. Randolph St., Chicago**

# HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS

## AN ENTERTAINMENT

FOR FOURTEEN MALES AND ELEVEN FEMALES

BY

JESSIE A. KELLEY

AUTHOR OF

*"Peddler's Parade," "Village Post Office," "Scenes in a Restaurant,"  
"Miss Prim's Kindergarten," "Taking the Census in Bing-  
ville," "The Rummage Sale," "Reminiscences of the  
Donation Party," "Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant  
Idea," etc., etc.*



CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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# HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS

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MR. WISE .....	<i>School Principal</i>
DOCTOR SOLOMON .....	<i>School Physician</i>
MISS HOBSON .....	<i>School Nurse</i>
MISS PRIM .....	<i>Teacher</i>
MR. KNOWITALL .....	<i>Janitor</i>
MR. HAULEMIN .....	<i>Truant Officer</i>
TONY .....	<i>Fruit Dealer</i>
JERRY .....	<i>Expressman</i>
MRS. SHIMELOVITCH	
MRS. LITTLEWIT....	<i>Parents</i>
MRS. O'FLANNIGAN	
MRS. VOLUBLE .....	<i>Grandparent</i>
RACHEL SHIMELOVITCH...	} ..... <i>Pupils</i>
IKEY SHIMELOVITCH....	
BRIDGET O'FLANNIGAN...	
PATRICK O'FLANNIGAN...	
TOMMY TERROR.....	
SUSIE DAUBY.....	
AMY LITTLEWIT.....	
FATTY DRAKE.....	
RASTUS JONES (colored)...	
SILAS SHREWD.....	
GRACE BROWN.....	
JOHN SPEECHER.....	
PETER STUFFER.....	

---

PLACE—*The School Principal's Office.*

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TIME OF PLAYING—*About One Hour and Thirty Minutes.*

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NOTE.—The cast is elastic and more characters could be easily introduced. Drills, recitations, etc., may be added according to the talent available.

If all the characters are taken by prominent or elderly people it will add greatly to the fun and absurdity of the entertainment.

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## INTRODUCTION.

Read the entire entertainment carefully before assigning the parts to the different characters. This is essential to the success of the piece, as the person who would be a star in one part might be a failure in another, and vice versa. A woman could take the part of the teacher if desired. If fewer characters are wanted, it will be found very easy to arrange for some to take two or more parts or to omit some. Wherever possible have some one used to reciting to take Mrs. Voluble's part, and have her act it out. This can be made a great laugh producer if well done.

If John Speecher wants a "smarty" piece, he might use "The Wish of the Small Boy" in The Friday Afternoon Speaker. "If George Had Been Like Me" in Scrap Book Recitations No. 15 is a good selection. (Price of either book, 25 cents, postpaid, from T. S. Denison & Company, publishers.) Any simple, childish piece will do if he wants something to stumble over.

Mrs. Voluble's speech on page 19 is an adaptation of an old recitation.

More pieces can readily be added; also more victrola or other musical selections.

While the pupils in the office should be continually in mischief, thus creating amusement, care must be taken to do everything quietly in order that the rest of the program may be followed by the audience. *Don't hurry.* Take time to act out everything and give the audience time to appreciate everything.

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COSTUMES.

Childish costumes, the more ridiculous the better, may be used for the pupils, who are, of course, grown-ups dressed as children.

MRS. O'FLANNIGAN—Wears old patched calico wrapper with sleeves rolled up above elbows, shawl thrown over



head. Her hair should be drawn tightly back from her forehead and arranged in a hard protruding knot behind.

MRS. SHIMELOVITCH—A grotesque costume, old-fashioned coat, either much too large or too small, hat with straight, stringy, ragged plumes, etc.

MRS. VOLUBLE—Elderly woman's costume; bonnet, shawl, spectacles, etc.

MRS. LITTLEWIT—Rather showy, giddy dress.

School nurse in nurse's uniform.

By a little thought suitable costumes can readily be arranged for the different characters, as the costuming is all very easy and everything necessary can be procured without expense.

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### STAGE ARRANGEMENT.

The stage arrangement is very simple, even a curtain not being necessary. A desk on which is a telephone, or something to represent a telephone, some writing material, a few chairs around the room, a bookcase or shelves filled with books, paper, boxes of pencils, etc., a large basket filled with books on the floor, and something on wall to represent a speaking tube, are all that is necessary.

## HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS

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SCENE: *Office of the School Principal.*

WISE (*at telephone*). Yes, yes. Allen School? Yes. (*Pause.*) Children have been running over your lawn? (*Pause.*) Were saucy when you spoke to them? (*Pause.*) Yes. Do you know who they were? (*Pause.*) You haven't any idea, but want me to find out. (*Pause.*) Yes, yes. Remember we have hundreds of children here, but I'll investigate. (*Pause.*) Yes, I'll try. Good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver. Telephone immediately rings.*) Holloa! (*Pause.*) Yes. (*Pause.*) A meeting of all the teachers at the superintendent's office at four. (*Pause.*) Yes, I'll notify all the teachers. (*Pause.*) Yes; good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

AMY LITTLEWIT *comes slowly into the office with down-cast head and finger in mouth.*

AMY. Teacher sent me to you. (*Begins to cry.*)

WISE. Well, what have you been doing that she sent you to me?

AMY (*digging her hands into her eyes and whimpering*). Please, sir, I didn't do nothin'. I only jest got here.

WISE (*taking out watch*). Just got here! Twenty minutes past nine! You were tardy again?

AMY. Y-y-e-e-s, sir.

WISE. What made you late?

AMY (*still crying*). 'Cause I didn't get here sooner.

WISE. But why didn't you get here sooner?

AMY (*sobbing and wiping nose on sleeve*). 'Cause I didn't come earlier.

WISE. But why didn't you come earlier? What reason did you have for not starting earlier?

AMY (*crying very hard*). I—don't—w-w-ant t-to t-t-ell.

WISE. You must tell me. (*Pause.*) What was the reason you didn't start sooner? (*AMY begins to howl.*)

WISE *puts hand on AMY's shoulder.*) Amy, stop crying immediately and tell me why you were late.

AMY *(holding up head rather defiantly).* Well, if you've got to know, I had to stay home till mother cut her bunions.

WISE *(in surprised tone).* Stay home till your mother cut her bunions! I should think she could cut her bunions without keeping you home and making you have a tardy mark.

AMY. She couldn't go to the door barefoot, could she?

WISE. She wouldn't have to go to the door, would she?

AMY. Yes, she would. It was most time for the postman, and ma wants to be sure to see all the mail first. There's two other families live in the house with us and ma's always first at the door so she can see it all, and I had to watch for him and grab it quick and take it in to show her before the other folks got there.

WISE. You tell your teacher you are to stay after school half an hour tonight, and I want you to bring a note from your mother this afternoon.

AMY. Mrs. Smith gave me a note to give you. *(After much hunting in pocket, bag, etc., she hands out a very dirty note on a torn piece of brown paper.)*

WISE. Thank you. Go back to your room now. *(AMY goes out. WISE reads note aloud.)* "Dear Mum—Please excus Johnny today he wont be to school. he is actin' as timekeeper to his father. Las night you giv him this ixample. if a field is four miles squar how long will it take a man walkin three mile an hour to walk two and a haf times round it. Johnny aint no man so we hed to send his father. They started early this mornin an my husband sed they ot to git through by night though its hard goin. will you pleas mak the next ixample about womin as my husband cant afford to lose no days work. I don't hev no time to loaf myself but I kin spare a day off onct in awhile better than my husband kin. respectfully yours. Mrs. Smith." *(Laughs—looks over note again.)* Johnny ought to get one hundred in that problem.



*Enter MISS PRIM.*

MISS PRIM (*with coat on, very sarcastic tone*). Mr. Wise, do you think it would be possible to have a *little* heat in my room? I'm almost frozen.

WISE (*stepping to speaking tube and blowing*). Mr. Knowitall, Miss Prim says her room is cold. Can't you send some heat in there? (*To MISS PRIM.*) Here is a note Mrs. Smith sent. John is absent today, isn't he?

MISS PRIM. Yes, he is.

WISE. This explains his absence. Better not make the problems so hard next time. (*Laughs.*)

MISS PRIM (*reading note with disgusted manner*). Just like them. None of the family have any brains. If teachers could only supply brains they might do something.

*JANITOR enters.*

JANITOR (*crankily*). I've just looked in your room, Miss Prim, and it's warm enough for anybody. Some folks aren't happy unless they're finding fault. Open all the windows then expect it to be up to ninety.

MISS PRIM (*snappishly*). It's not warm enough for me and you let my plants freeze last night. (*Goes back to room.*)

JANITOR (*pointing after her with thumb*). She's a tender old bird, she is. Too bad she didn't freeze instead of the plants. Say, Mr. Wise, if flesh is grass, as the Scripture says, where does that put her?

WISE. If flesh is grass where does that put her? (*Pause.*) Why, I'm sure I don't know.

JANITOR. In the baled hay class, of course. (*Chuckles and goes out.*)

*GRACE BROWN enters.*

WISE. Good morning. Are you a new pupil?

GRACE. Yes, sir.

WISE. Have you just moved into the district?

GRACE. Yes, sir.

WISE. Been vaccinated?

GRACE. Yes, sir; here's my c'tificate. (*Hands WISE a card.*)

WISE. What grade are you in?

GRACE. Third grade.

WISE (*writing*). What is your name?

GRACE. Grace Brown.

WISE. Your mother's name.

GRACE. Mrs. Allen.

WISE. How does it happen your mother's name is Allen and your name is Brown?

GRACE (*thoughtfully*). I don't know. (*Pauses.*) Oh, yes, I do, too. You see my mother married again and I didn't.

WISE (*laughing*). I guess that explains it all right. (*GRACE suddenly begins to cry.*) What is the matter? Don't cry. I think you will like to come here to school. (*GRACE still sobs.*) What is the trouble? Are you sick?

GRACE. N-no. I—j—just re-mem-bered that I forgot to bring my excuse for being born.

WISE. Forgot to bring your excuse for being born! What do you mean, child?

GRACE. My excuse for being born. Don't you know them cards they give you when you change schools?

WISE (*thinks*). I wonder if you mean the life card. (*Goes to box takes out a card, reads.*) Sarah Green, Parents John and Susan Green. Born January 7, 1907. (*To GRACE.*) Like that, did you mean?

GRACE. Yes, that's it and I forgot to bring it.

WISE. It will be all right if you bring it tomorrow. Now, I'll take you into Miss Austin's room. (*Goes out with GRACE.*)

FATTY DRAKE *comes in with books, looks around.*

FATTY. Gee, the old guy ain't here. (*Begins to dance around and laugh.*) Good mind to skidoo and play hookey. By golly, I'm a-goin ter. (*Starts for door.*)

MR. WISE *enters*, FATTY *immediately looks very solemn.*

WISE (*sternly*). What, you here again? You are sent

here almost every day. Why don't you behave yourself? (*Gives FATTY a shake.*) What's the trouble this time?

FATTY. Teacher sent me here to study and to show you these 'xamples in 'rithmetic. (*Hands MR. WISE a paper with examples on it. WISE looks over the paper.*)

WISE. These are wrong—every one of them. Can't you do any better than that? What is the trouble, anyway?

FATTY (*puts hands in pockets, stands first on one foot, then on other, looks very stupid*). I dunno. I worked orful hard before I could even get them all wrong.

WISE. I never saw such a stupid boy. What was your head made for, anyway?

FATTY (*scratching head*). Er—er—er—to hold my hat on, I think, sir.

WISE. I am going to give you a problem that a six-year-old child ought to be able to solve. Now listen and see if you can't give me the correct answer.

FATTY. Yes, sir. (*Listens intently.*)

WISE. If your mother wants to boil eggs for breakfast and she has just seven eggs and three of them break, how many can she boil?

FATTY (*squirms, wiggles, puts hand to head as if thinking deeply*). Will you please say it agin, Mr. Wise, and I guess I kin git it. I almost did that time.

WISE. If your mother wants to boil eggs for breakfast and has just seven in the house and accidentally breaks three of them, how many can she boil?

FATTY (*glcefully*). I've got it! I've got it, Mr. Wise.

WISE. That's good. I'm glad you can do something. Tell me your answer.

FATTY. She wouldn't *boil* none. She'd *scramble* them all.

WISE (*sternly*). Take your books and sit down in that corner and study.

FATTY (*stupidly*). Wasn't that answer right, Mr. Wise?

WISE. Sit down and go to studying. (*FATTY sits down with book and pretends to study.*)

TONY, the fruit dealer, enters.

TONY. Ees thees de man that keep thees schoola?

WISE. Yes, what can I do for you?

TONY (*many gestures*). Bad boys thees schoola. Dey squeeze and pincha my fruit. Dey taka pear and do deesa way. (*Pinches finger and thumb together as if trying softness of fruit.*) Dey taka apple and peacha data way. Dey maka them to rot. Dey spoila mucha my fruit.

WISE. Why don't you put up a sign telling them not to?

TONY (*gestures*). I deed. I deed; but it do no good. I put up sign say, if you must pincha de fruit pincha de cocoanut, but it do no gooda. Bad boy. (*Spies FATTY, who has been trying to hide behind his book, points finger at him.*) There one bad boy. He no pincha de cocoanut, he pincha apple, pear, peach. He play treeck on me, mean dirty treeck.

WISE. I'm sorry to hear it. What did he do?

TONY (*gestures*). He say he want two dozen banan at twenty centa a dozen, so I cut dem off, put dem in de bag, den he say he wanta one dozen oranges—forty centa—and I put dem in de bag, den he say he wanta one quart peanutta. I filla up de measure and put dem in de bag. Den he say, How mooch that be? I putta de numbers all downa on the paper and count dem up so careful. Den he say I haf a two dollar bill, how mooch change you give me? I puta dem numbers all downa on the paper and tella heem; den he grinna and runna out and say, "I no want your old stuff. That's my—my—what you call it—my 'rithmetic lesson for tomorrow and I could notta do eet." Bad boy. I like leek him. (*FATTY acts rather frightened.*)

WISE. I'll attend to his case and see that he doesn't trouble you again.

TONY. Tank you, Mister Sir. When I go church lasta Sunday I weara nice seelk hat (*gestures*), high, nice, shiny seelk hat. Bad boy stop me, say, "Give me neckel." "Why for I give you neckel?" I say. He say, whila he maka beeg snowball in his handa, "Eef I had nica high seelk hat like yuora I would notta wanta it soaked with a snowballa."

WISE. Was this the boy that did that?

FATTY (*jumping up*). No—no, sir; no, sir. I didn't do it. No, sir; I didn't. No, sir.

TONY. He de boy. Leeck him; leeck him hard. I like leeck him.

WISE. I will settle the matter with him.

TONY. I tank you, Mister Teacher Man. Good-bye. You leeck him harda. (*Exit.*)

WISE (*to FATTY*). You, young man, are to stay after school every night this week and I will decide later what further punishment you will receive. Now get to studying again. (*Goes over and looks at FATTY's book.*) Is it your geography lesson you are working at?

FATTY (*wiping nose on sleeve*). Yes, sir.

WISE. Let me see how much you have learned. What State do you live in?

FATTY. In a state of sin and misery, I guess.

WISE. It's a state of sin all right and I think there'll be some misery before I get through with you. Take your arithmetic now and study the rule for finding the diameter of a circle. I'll hear you recite it later.

*Enter RACHEL SHIMELOVITCH, carrying books and chewing gum vigorously.*

WISE. Well, Rachel, what are you in here for?

RACHEL (*chewing gum, pulling it out from mouth, stretching it, etc.*). Teacher sent me here 'cause I wuz chawing gum.

WISE. You do seem to be doing a good deal of *chawing*, as you call it.

RACHEL. Yep, it's good; spearmint. Wouldn't you like to chaw some awhile? (*Offers a stick of gum to WISE.*)

WISE. No, not today, and I think you had better throw it in the waste basket under my desk, then sit down in that chair over there and study.

(*RACHEL goes to waste basket, pretends to throw gum in, then on the sly shows FATTY she still has it.*)

WISE (*to RACHEL*). Take your spelling book, learn how to spell the words and find out what they mean. I'll hear

you in a little while. Now get to work and don't waste any more time.

RACHEL. Yep. (*Takes up book, makes a face at FATTY, he sticks out tongue at her. Telephone rings.*)

WISE (*at telephone*). Holloa! (*Pause.*) You want Rachel excused. (*RACHEL claps hands slyly.*) What do you want her excused for? (*Pause.*) No, I can't excuse her to go to the moving pictures. (*Pause.*) You are going to have her? (*Pause.*) No, it's against the rules. (*Pause.*) You don't care about the rules. Well, we do. No, she cannot come. She is in my office now studying. She doesn't attend to her work and needs all her time. (*Pause.*) You'll be up to see me and make it hot for me? Come up and we'll talk it over. (*FATTY and RACHEL have been making faces, hitting one another, etc.*) Good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

*Enter PETER STUFFER.*

PETER. Teacher sent me to you.

WISE. What for?

PETER. I dunno.

WISE. Of course you know.

PETER. Guess it wuz becuz she was feelin' cranky. S'pose she sat up too late with her feller last night.

WISE (*sternly*). Stop that kind of talk at once. What did your teacher send you in here for?

PETER (*sulkily*). 'Cause I wuz eatin' apples.

WISE. Have you finished eating your apple?

PETER. Naw.

WISE. What?

PETER. No, sir.

WISE. Well, you may finish it now; then perhaps you can go back and attend to your work. Stand over there and eat.

(*PETER eats apple, winks at FATTY and RACHEL, shows them he has more apples in his pockets; they silently ask for some; he sidles over and gives one to each while WISE is doing some writing at desk.*)

WISE. Finished, Peter?



PETER. I've got another.

WISE. Well, eat it. (*Continues writing. PETER eats apple with much munching. RACHEL and FATTY bite theirs slyly.*) All through now, Peter?

PETER. Naw. Got another.

WISE. How many apples have you?

PETER. I dunno.

WISE. Take them out of your pockets and put them here on my desk. (*PETER pulls out apple after apple and piles them on desk. RACHEL slyly edges near and grabs a big one.*) Those are the biggest pockets I ever knew, Peter.

PETER. Yep. (*Turns pocket inside out, showing bottom of pocket all gone.*) I kin fill my whole coat full.

WISE. Sure you have them all out?

PETER. Yep. Gee, they wuz kinder heavy.

WISE. Your teacher tells me you can't write a composition.

PETER. Naw, I can't write no compersition.

WISE. The trouble is you try to write about something that isn't in you. You take this pencil and paper and be yourself. Just write what is in you without attempting any flights of fancy. (*PETER takes pencil and paper, shuffles off to chair. FATTY blows a bean from bean blower which hits RACHEL in the face, making her scream.*) Why did you scream, Rachel?

RACHEL (*holding hand to face*). I've got an orful toothache. Can't I go home? (*Winks at FATTY and PETER, who nearly strangle trying to keep from laughing aloud.*)

WISE. I have something in the medicine case that will stop your toothache, I think. (*Goes to case, takes out vial and little piece of cotton, which he saturates and puts in RACHEL's tooth.*) Does that make it feel better?

RACHEL. Yep. Lots better. (*Aside to boys.*) Gee, here comes ma! Won't the teacher hev to take it now?

*Enter MRS. SHIMELOVITCH, very angry.*

WISE. How do you do, Mrs. Shimelovitch?

MRS. S. I tont how do you do at all. Vat I wants to know is if Rachel is mine childt or yours. Ven I say I vant

her excused to go to de movies you say no. I vant you to understand she is mine childt and if I vant her to go to de movies she go. (*Keeps raising voice, ending in a scream.*)

WISE. No, she cannot go. It is against the rules.

MRS. S. (*coming nearer and shaking fist in WISE's face*). Vat for do I care for de rules, I dell you.

(RACHEL, FATTY and PETER giggle, clap hands, etc.)

WISE. Her teacher has sent her in here because she doesn't study and she says Rachel is not doing well in her studies.

MRS. S. (*many gestures, loud voice*). Her teacher no good. She mean to mine Rachel. She no try learn her. She down on her.

WISE. I don't think that is so. Miss Snow is a very fine teacher and well liked by her pupils. Shan't I call her in and you can have a talk with her?

MRS. S. No, no; I no dare to see her. (*Gestures.*) I pull her hair and slap her face. She mean to mine Rachel. I vant mine Rachel excused this minute.

WISE. I told you she could not be excused.

MRS. S. All right. I go to the superintendent man and ask him whose childt Rachel vas. I go to him right now, I dell you. (*Rushes out in great rage, muttering and threatening.*)

WISE (*to FATTY*). Have you learned how to find the diameter of a circle, Fatty?

FATTY (*slowly*). I guess so.

WISE. Let me hear you give it.

FATTY (*haltingly*). To—find—find—to find the diameter—the—the—the diameter, the—(*scratches head and scowls*) the diameter of—a—a—circle you—you—(*brightening up*). Say, Mr. Wise, I know a lot easier way to find it than that old rule and it's right every time, too.

WISE. All right, tell me your easy way.

FATTY. To find the diameter of a circle step on the edge of an iron hoop and then measure the distance from the ground to the black and blue spot that hoop makes on your

leg and that's the diameter of the circle. (FATTY *looks very proud*, RACHEL and PETER *giggle*.)

WISE. I'm afraid, Fatty, you are better fed than taught—

FATTY. That's right, Mr. Wise, but you see that's becuz your teachers teach me and I feed myself. (*Aside to PETER*.) And I can do a blamed sight better job.

*Enter AMY LITTLEWIT.*

AMY. Teacher says she wants the janitor to bring in the wrench and raise Joseph Cooper's seat. (*Exit*.)

WISE (*at speaking tube*). Mr. Knowitall, take your wrench in Mrs. Green's room and raise Joseph Cooper's seat. (*To RACHEL*.) Have you learned your spelling lesson?

RACHEL. Yes, sir.

WISE. Spell recuperate.

(RACHEL *stumbles, repeats*, PETER *prompts slyly*, RACHEL *finally spells it correctly*.)

WISE. Now, the meaning of recuperate.

RACHEL. I dunno.

WISE. Let me explain. In order to have you understand we will take your father for an example.

RACHEL (*aside to boys*). He ain't no example, bet your life.

WISE. He is, of course, a hard working man.

RACHEL (*meekly*). Yes, sir. (*Aside to boys*.) Not that you'd take any notice of. (*Winks at PETER*.)

WISE. When night comes he returns home tired and worn out, doesn't he?

RACHEL. Yes, sir. (*Makes face at FATTY*.)

WISE. Then, it being night and his work being over and he being very tired, what does he do?

RACHEL. That's just what ma wants to know.

WISE (*smothering a laugh*). Perhaps we had better pass on to the next word—ransom. Spell it.

(RACHEL, *after several attempts, spells it correctly*.)

WISE. Put the word ransom in a sentence, Rachel.

RACHEL (*after thinking*). My big sister's beau ransom

when he saw father coming after him. (*Winks at boys. They hold sides and laugh.*)

WISE. You don't seem very strong in language. Let me try you in history. Read me that paragraph. (*Points to paragraph in book.*)

RACHEL (*reading slowly*). George—Washington—was—born—February—twenty-second — seventeen—thirty-two—A—D.

WISE. What does A. D. stand for, Rachel?

RACHEL. I dunno.

FATTY. Huh! I know that.

WISE. Well, tell Rachel, Fatty, what A. D. stands for.

FATTY (*triumphantly*). After dark, of course.

WISE. *Wrong.* (*PETER waves his hand wildly.*) Do you know, Peter?

PETER. Sure. A. D. means all done.

WISE. I want all three of you to look that up and tell me tomorrow. Rachel, when did Washington die?

RACHEL (*in surprised tone*). Is he dead? I didn't know he was sick.

FATTY. Gee, I just heard it thunder.

RACHEL. Mr. Wise, what makes the thunder?

WISE. Fatty, can't you tell Rachel what makes it thunder?

FATTY. Any guy knows that. One cloud slaps another cloud in the face, then they both begin to howl. (*Makes face at RACHEL.*)

RACHEL (*aside to FATTY*). If I git a chance I'll slap your face and make you howl.

WISE. The thunder and lightning are due to electricity, Rachel.

RACHEL. Yep, I'm onto that now. (*Very innocently.*) Say, Mr. Wise, if you had fleas on you and you had a shock of electricity strong enough to kill the fleas, would it kill you, too? (*More winks at boys.*)

WISE. Rachel, I think you may return to your room. Do you think you can stop whispering and attend to your studies? Why can't you stop whispering, Rachel?

RACHEL (*opening mouth to show teeth*). You see two

of my front teeth are gone, Mr. Wise, and the whispers just slip out. I can't help it honest and true, black and blue.

WISE. Well, go to your room and try. (*RACHEL goes out with a parting grimace.*)

JANITOR *enters with wrench in hand.*

JANITOR (*growling*). Queer thing how often them seats need fixin'. I raised that boy's seat an inch yesterday and I s'pose he'll want it another inch tomorrow. He ain't no kid—he's a mushroom. (*Goes out muttering.*)

WISE (*to FATTY*). Do you think you can go in your room and behave yourself now?

FATTY (*meekly*). Yes, sir.

WISE. Go in, then, and try it. (*FATTY goes out, kicking PETER as he goes. WISE to PETER*). Have you written your composition, Peter?

PETER. Yes, sir, I've writ a fine one.

WISE. Not so hard after all, was it, Peter?

PETER. No, sir; I didn't try what you said not to—the flights of fancy. I did just what you told me ter—writ what was in me.

WISE (*in pleased tones*). That's just what I wanted you to do. Read it.

PETER (*reading*). The most that's in me at the present time is apples. My teacher told me to write what was in me and I did. This is my compersition.

WISE. Well, you didn't fly very high. I think that will do for one day, Peter. You must be tired after such severe brain work. Go to your room. (*PETER goes out. WISE goes to desk.*) I'll see if I can get a few minutes to fix these reports before some more young hopefuls appear. (*Writes. Some selection may be given by victrola outside or there may be some singing, presumably by a pupil or pupils in one of the rooms, principal varying his comment to suit.*) That new victrola we have worked so hard to earn is certainly fine and the children do enjoy it.

*Enter MRS. LITTLEWIT.*

WISE. Good morning, madam.

MRS. L. Good morning. Are you the reprobate judge?

WISE. You mean the probate judge.

MRS. L. Yes, I guess that's it.

WISE. No, I'm not the probate judge. He has an office at 106 Main Street, I believe.

MRS. L. I'm Amy Littlewit's mother and I'm in trouble, you see. My husband was studying to be a minister at a logical seminary and he died detested and left me three little infidels, and I want the reprobate judge to appoint me their executioner.

WISE (*concealing smile*). I think you will find him in his office now if you hurry. (*Looks at watch.*)

MRS. L. It's awful hard to be left with three little infidels and have to be their executioner. I'll run right along. Good day. (*Exit.*)

WISE. Well, I don't wonder Amy has little wit with such a mother. Her husband went to a *logical* seminary, died *detested* and she is to be their *executioner*. Well, I don't know but she will be. If that isn't murdering the English language, what is?

SUSIE DAUBY *comes in crying.*

WISE. More trouble, Susie? You're always in hot water. What is it now?

SUSIE. They call me names.

WISE. What do they call you?

SUSIE. Just cause my name is Dauby they call me dibby, dabby, dauby.

WISE. What did you do?

SUSIE. Just to show them I was a lady I slapped one boy's face.

WISE. That was real ladylike. What else did you do?

SUSIE. I—I— called them names, too.

WISE. What did you call them?

SUSIE. I called Tony Levaggi, Tony, bolony.

WISE. It seems to me you were as much to blame as they were. Who was the other boy?

SUSIE. I don't know his name, but I know how old he is.

WISE. How do you know how old he is?



SUSIE. I saw it marked on his overalls; 12 years, it said.

WISE. I rather think you can look out for yourself all right. You may go back to your own room. (*Exit SUSIE.*)

*Enter MRS. VOLUBLE.*

WISE. Good morning, Mrs. Voluble. (*Shakes hands.*)

MRS. V. Good morning, Mr. Owl—oh, I beg pardon. I mean Mr. Wise. I allus do get your name mixed, I s'pose 'cause you allus think of an owl as bein' wise. I wuz jest agoin' down to the store to git some salt codfish fur dinner, an' ses I to myself, ses I. I'll jest drop into the school and ask Mr. Owl—I mean Mr. Wise—how my little granddarter is a gettin' along. She's a right pert young lady an' powerful smart, I calls her. Does purty well at her books, don't she?

WISE. She is doing very nicely.

MRS. V. I knewed she would. None of our tribe air dunces. She's jest larned to skate. My, but thet's not saying much. I've jest learned myself and I'm a few years older than she be, too. (*Sits down, unfastens shawl.* MR. WISE *sighs slightly, stands as if anxious for her to go, finally sits down.*) Joshua said I was rather too old to go into any such childish business, but I don't see no airthly reason why an old married woman shouldn't enjoy herself if she can. Goodness knows most of us has trouble enough to put up with—if we have a husband and children and hens and pigs and sich things. All the wimmen folks has been skating, so I made up my mind I'd see what I could do at it. I had an idee it wouldn't take me no time at all to larn. I sold five pounds of butter and bought me a pair of skates. Then Miss Jones sed I must hev a skating costume, so one day I sot myself to work and fixed one. I took a pair of Joshua's red flannel drawers and sot two rosettes of green ribbin onto the bottoms of 'em, and then I took a yaller petticoat of mine and sewed five rows of blue braid around the bottom of it. My waist I made out of a blue and green plaid shawl, and for a cap I took Joshua's stovepipe hat and cut it down a story or two; then I tied a wide piece of red flannel around it, pulled out an

old crower's tail and stuck that into the front of it, and my costume was complete. Joe Larson sed he'd larn me, but I told him I rather guessed I could take keer of myself. I'd took keer of myself through the jonders, and the dys-pepsy, and I guessed I could skate without nobody's help. One morning I got my work done up bright and airly. dressed myself in my skating costume, took my skates in one hand and a long pole to steady myself with in the other and started for the pond. I went airly, thinking there'd be no speckleptaters, but law sakes, the pond was full of 'em; but I was too plucky to back out. I sot down on the ground, strapped on my skates, grabbed my long pole firmly in both hands and got onto the ice. The minnit I got on I sot right down flat, and it was as much as five minutes before I could get up again, and when I did my left foot begun to run rite round t'other one and I run rite round arter it. The fust thing I knowed my heels was up and my head was down and I saw more'n a million stars. Joe Larson seed me fall and he come over and helped me up. I found I could run a great deal better than I could slide, so I thought I'd go over to t'other side of the pond. After I once got started the trouble was to stop myself. I went right ahead like a steam injine down grade, so with my pole sticking out each side of me I sailed on. I had the wind at my back and it filled my yaller petticoat so it floated out afore me like a banner. I was a-coming to where the skaters were pretty thick, but I didn't think to take my pole down, so the fust thing I knowed I was a mowing of 'em down right and left. The ice was lined with ruins—muffs, hoods, gloves, false teeth, false hair, men, women and children all mixed up together. Just then I riz my pole and down I went, striking the back of my crannyum so hard I thought my skull bone was broke. Abe Hoskins cum skating along, so I grabbed hold of his coat-tail to hist myself up by and the cloth parted jest like a cobweb, left him with a bob-tailed coat on and let me fall back on the ice harder'n ever. Joe Larson come along jest then and I didn't say nothing agin his helping me. I was nigh

about played out, so he escorted me home. I was so sore for a week that I couldn't git my arms to my head without screeching, and I didn't even try to go upstairs. As soon as I got better I let Joe help me larn, and you never seed the beat of how I can skate now. It's the grandest exercise and so healthy! I've friz both my feet, and my nose and my face has all peeled and I've got the rheumatiz tremenjous, but I've larned to skate. How I hev rattled on, an' I told my darter I'd be back with thet codfish in ten minutes. They say I've gone crazy about skating an' I declare to goodness I believe I hev. Awful glad that granddarter of mine is gettin' along so well. Run up and see us sometime, Mr. Wise. Joshua would be powerful glad to hev you. Them men folks won't hev any dinner if I don't hurry. Good-bye, Mr. Owl.

WISE. Good-bye, Mrs. Voluble. (*MRS. V. goes out and comes back and puts head in door.*)

MRS. V. I jest came back to tell you you'd better larn to skate, too, Mr. Owl. It's powerful healthy exercise.

WISE. Thank you. Perhaps I will try it.

MRS. V. Thet's right. No use growin' old. I'll help you learn any time. Good-bye. (*Exit.*)

WISE. I should think that woman's tongue would ache. Perhaps I can get a minute at these reports now. (*Writes a few minutes. A good chance here to add another musical selection. Great noise of scuffling is then heard outside. WISE opens door.*)

*Enter MR. HAULEMIN, dragging boy who is struggling and kicking.*

WISE. What does this mean?

MR. H. (*pushing boy into office*). It means this young rascal has been playing truant again.

TOMMY (*defiantly*). My mother told me I could go out and play ball, so I did.

WISE. Didn't I tell you if you played truant again I should have to whip you?

TOMMY (*sulkily*). Huh! I ain't afraid of no teacher. You don't dast to lick me.

WISE. Don't dare to whip you! I'd like to know why.

TOMMY. Cause my ma can lick you.

WISE. I hardly think your ma could lick me, as you call it.

TOMMY (*boastfully*). Huh! She jest could. She often licks pa with one hand and he's bigger'n you are.

WISE. I think you are lying. Thomas. I don't believe your mother told you to stay home and play ball.

MR. H. I know she didn't. I went and asked her.

WISE. Don't you know, Tommy, that boys who tell lies cannot go to heaven?

TOMMY. Didn't you ever tell a lie?

WISE. Perhaps I did when I was very small and didn't know any better.

TOMMY. I never knew anybody wot didn't except George Washington, and I don't know as 'twould be much fun to be in heaven alone with him. He's lots older than I be.

MR. H. He was swearing like a pirate, Mr. Wise.

WISE. Do you know, Tommy, what becomes of boys who swear when they are playing ball?

TOMMY. Sure thing. They grow up and play golf.

MR. H. He'd been fighting, too. Look at his black eye.

TOMMY. That's 'cause I did wot Mr. Wise told me to do.

WISE. How was that?

TOMMY. Didn't you tell me the other day not to fight until I had counted a hundred?

WISE. Yes; I'm glad you remembered.

TOMMY. Well, I ain't glad. Look at the black eye Johnny Jackson guv me while I was countin' that hundred. I don't count no hundred next time, bet your life.

MR. H. A woman came out as I was getting this fellow here and told me he was the boy that cut off her cat's tail.

WISE. Tommy, Tommy, I am sorry to hear of such cruelty. What does the Bible say about such a thing?

TOMMY. I s'pose you mean "What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

WISE. Thomas, though it hurts me worse than it does you, I shall have to give you a good whipping.

TOMMY. Say, Mr. Wise, if it hurts you worse than it does me, let me do the wallopin', will yer?

MR. H. I forgot to tell you, Mr. Wise, that he was also smoking cigarettes again.

WISE. You know what you will come to if you keep on smoking cigarettes?

TOMMY. Come to the butts, of course.

WISE. You come with me. (*Takes him by the shoulder.*)

TOMMY (*beginning to blubber*). Where?

WISE. I think we'll go on a short *whaling* trip.

TOMMY. Please don't lick me, teacher. Did you ever get licked when you was a boy?

WISE. I believe I did once.

TOMMY. Did your father ever get licked?

WISE. I believe I have heard him say he did.

TOMMY. And your grandfather?

WISE. Perhaps so.

TOMMY. I'd like to get hold of the guy that started this licking business. I'd give him a worse black eye than I hev.

WISE (*sternly*). Go out in the hall. Quick. Move along. (MR. H., WISE and TOMMY go out. *Sounds of whipping and loud cries.*)

*Re-enter TOMMY and WISE.*

WISE. Now, have I taught you a lesson, Tommy?

TOMMY (*crying*). Y-y-yes, sir.

WISE. What lesson have I taught you?

TOMMY. That I needs a thicker pair of pants.

WISE. Take this book and sit over in the corner and study. (*Telephone rings. WISE, at telephone.*) Yes—yes. Dr. Solomon. Yes. Be here in a few minutes? (*Pause.*) Yes, I have some cases I want you to look at. (*Pause.*) The nurse is coming with you? (*Pause.*) Yes. All right. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

SILAS SHREWD *enters with report card in hand. JERRY also enters. SILAS stands waiting.*

JERRY. The top of the moirning to yez, Mr. Woise. Are the books all roidy fur the loibrary?

WISE. Yes, Jerry. All ready. There they are. (*Points to large basket of books, which JERRY takes on his back.*) Pretty heavy load to carry, Jerry.

JERRY. Begorry, yis, but Oi'd rayther carry this load on me back than the load yez are aftehr carrying on your mind. Oi'd be afther killing some of the young varmint's if Oi had them. (*SILAS makes up face at JERRY behind MR. WISE's back.*) Shure and Oi'd begin with that young scalpeen there. Good morning, Mr. Woise. (*Exit with books.*)

SILAS. Teacher sent me in to show you my report card.

WISE (*takes card, looks at it*). Silas, your father will be very much disappointed when he sees this.

SILAS. I should think he'd be mighty glad.

WISE. Glad! Doesn't your father want you to get good marks?

SILAS. Guess so; but he told me last time I brought home a good report card he'd give me a dollar—said he wasn't a bit satisfied with that one. I told him I knew he wouldn't be, but the old teacher was too contrary to change it.

WISE. Of course he'll be disappointed when he sees this, then.

SILAS. Shouldn't think he would be. Haven't I saved him a dollar? Think that ought to suit him, but you can't never suit some folks. Jest likely's not he'll be mad at me.

WISE. I thought you were trying hard. You had good marks all last week. Now they are poor again. What is the trouble?

SILAS (*pouting and stubbing toe*). 'Tain't my fault.

WISE. Who's fault is it, then?

SILAS. Teacher's.

WISE. How is it the teacher's fault?

SILAS. She went and moved the girl that sat next to me, the one wot always has her examples right; then, jest as soon as I learn to spell one word right the blamed old teacher goes and gives me a new one.

WISE (*sternly*). Speak more respectfully of your teacher, Silas.



SILAS (*brightening up*). Say, Mr. Wise, I got a hundred yesterday.

WISE. I'm glad to hear it. It shows you can when you try.

SILAS. Yes, I got 25 in 'rithmetic, 25 in spellin', 25 in langwidge and 25 in jography. That's 100, ain't it?

WISE. I think we won't waste any more time talking. You run to the postoffice for me, get a two-cent stamp and put on this letter; then drop it in the box. I haven't a stamp left and I want this letter to go at once. Here are the two cents for the stamp. Hurry right back. (*Exit* SILAS.)

*Enter* DR. SOLOMON and MISS HOBSON.

DOCTOR. Good morning, Mr. Wise.

WISE. Good morning, Doctor. Good morning, Miss Hobson.

MISS H. Good morning, Mr. Wise.

DOCTOR. What is our first case this morning?

WISE. I want you to look at Patrick O'Flannigan's hands. I'm afraid he has some skin disease.

DOCTOR. All right. I'll be ready for him in a minute. (*Takes off coat, opens bag, etc.*)

MISS H. (*takes off coat and hat*). I suppose you want me to look at some of the children's heads, Mr. Wise?

WISE. Yes, Miss Reeves has some that need attention. I will ask her to send them in the corridor for you. (*Steps to speaking tube.*) Miss Reeves, the school nurse is here. Send the children whose heads are to be looked over into the corridor. (*Exit* MISS H.)

SILAS *enters*.

WISE. Did you get the stamp to put on my letter and mail it, Silas? That's a letter I'm very particular to have go at once.

SILAS (*all smiles*). Yes, Mr. Wise, I mailed it all right but I saved the two cents for you. (*Holds out the two cents.*) I saw a lot of people droppin' letters into the box, so I watched till I got a good chance when nobody was

lookin' and dropped yours in. Here's your two cents. (DOCTOR and WISE look at one another and smile.)

WISE. Well, I guess you've stopped my letter from going all right, Silas. (SILAS looks downcast.) Now, Silas, take this paper and pencil and write all you can about Abraham Lincoln. You know a good deal about his life, don't you?

SILAS. Oh, yes, I know an orful lot about him.

WISE. Well, get started, then. (SILAS writes a word or two, then chews pencil, scratches head, etc.)

DOCTOR. All ready now, Mr. Wise.

WISE (at speaking tube). Miss Prim, send in Patrick O'Flannigan at once. (To DOCTOR.) He'll be right here, Doctor.

PATRICK O'FLANNIGAN appears, very dirty, and with old ragged gloves on.

DOCTOR. What are the gloves on for, Patrick?

PATRICK. Aw, de teacher is so blamed fussy. She said me hands were too dirty ter be seen, so I jest put on me gloves to please her.

DOCTOR. Well, you can take them off mighty quick to please me. (PATRICK pulls off one glove, showing very dirty hand.) Gracious, I believe that is the dirtiest hand I ever saw. (PATRICK pulls off other glove.)

PATRICK. I bet dis one can beat it.

DOCTOR. Right you are, Pat.

WISE (sternly). Patrick, go to the wash bowl at once. Here is a piece of soap and a towel. Wash your face and hands thoroughly, then come back for the Doctor to see you. You ought to be ashamed to be so dirty. March.

PATRICK (goes out muttering). Such a fuss 'cause a feller's hands hev a speck of dirt on 'em.

Enter RACHEL SHIMELOVITCH, chewing gum.

WISE. What now, Rachel?

RACHEL. Teacher sent me here cuz I wuz chawin' gum agin.

WISE. Didn't I tell you to throw it in the waste basket when you were in here before?

RACHEL. Yep.

WISE. Why didn't you do it?

RACHEL. Didn't want ter. Ain't a-goin' to throw away a good chaw of gum.

WISE. I'm going to let you chew just as long and hard as you want to and see if you can get enough of it for once. Stand over there and don't stop chewing a second until I tell you to. (RACHEL *winks at* SILAS *and begins chewing vigorously.*)

DOCTOR. Blessed is the woman who chews gum, for when she is chewing gum she is not chewing the rag.

*Enter* PATRICK *with very dirty towel and face streaked with dirt.*

WISE. Are your hands clean now, Patrick?

PATRICK. Yer bet. Jest look at the towel if yez don't believe me. (*Holds up very dirty towel.*)

DOCTOR (*looks at* PATRICK'S *hands*). They are filthy and so is your face. Why don't you look in the mirror to see if you have your face clean?

PATRICK. Don't hev ter. Does jest as well ter look at de towel.

WISE (*sternly*). Go back, Patrick, and wash your face and hands thoroughly. (PATRICK *goes out scuffling.*)

MISS H. *comes in with* BRIDGET O'FLANNIGAN.

MISS H. (*to* DOCTOR). This child has nits in her head. (DOCTOR *looks at* BRIDGET'S *head.*)

DOCTOR. Yes, full of them. We shall have to exclude her until her head is cleaned up. You sit over there, Bridget, until I get a chance to write a letter to send to your mother. (BRIDGET, RACHEL *and* SILAS *in all sorts of mischief.*)

*Enter* AMY LITTLEWIT *and* SUSIE DAUBY. MISS H. *goes out.*

AMY. Teacher sent us in fer the doctor to look at our throats.

DOCTOR. All right. Come over here. Throat sore?

AMY. It was yesterday.

DOCTOR (*puts tongue depressor in AMY's mouth and looks down throat*). Rather a bad looking throat. Think I'd better take a culture. (*AMY begins to cry.*)

AMY. I don't want no culture. My mother told me I needn't have no culture. I ain't a-goin' to have my throat cut out.

DOCTOR. I'm not going to cut your throat, child.

AMY. I fainted twict in two schools I went to and they sent me to the hospital both times and cut me so ma writ this note for me to keep pinned on my dress for fear I'd faint and they'd cut me up again. You'd better read it. (*Unpins note and hands it to the DOCTOR, who reads aloud.*) "If Amy faints do not take her to the hospital to operate. Her appendix has been removed three times already." (*Laughs.*)

DOCTOR. Don't be afraid, Amy. I won't try for that appendix again. I only want to put this little piece of cotton in your mouth.

AMY (*claps hands over mouth and backs away*). I won't; no, I won't. I ain't a-goin' ter; I ain't a-goin' ter. (*Yells and screams.*)

DOCTOR. I'll look at Susie first, Amy, so you'll see it doesn't hurt at all. *You're* a brave girl, Susie, aren't you?

SUSIE (*tremblingly*). Y-y-yes, sir.

DOCTOR. Come right over here and show Amy how brave you are.

(*SUSIE goes to DOCTOR hesitatingly. DOCTOR takes a little stick with bit of cotton wrapped around the end of it from a bottle, wipes it around SUSIE's mouth, then returns it to bottle and seals it*).

DOCTOR. There; that didn't hurt, did it, Susie?

SUSIE (*all smiles*). No, sir; not a bit.

DOCTOR. You see, Amy, it doesn't hurt any. Now you're going to let me do it to your throat, aren't you? (*AMY begins to scream again and they try in vain to pacify her.*)

WISE. I think we had better send Amy back to her room

and I will notify her mother. Amy, go to your room. (*To DOCTOR.*) Susie was absent yesterday on account of sickness in the family. It may be something contagious. Perhaps you had better inquire.

DOCTOR. Yes, indeed; we can't be too careful about these contagious diseases. (*To SUSIE.*) Why were you absent from school yesterday, Susie?

SUSIE. My mother wuz sick.

DOCTOR. Is it a contagious disease?

SUSIE. I don't know.

DOCTOR. What is the matter with her?

SUSIE. I don't know.

DOCTOR. What does the doctor say it is?

SUSIE. He says it's a boy.

DOCTOR. That will do, Susie, you may go to your room. (*SUSIE goes out.*)

RASTUS *appears holding on to his ears.*

RASTUS. I've got an orful earache, doctah.

DOCTOR. That's too bad.

RASTUS. Aches something orful. Ow—ow—ow. (*Gives loud and piercing scream.*)

DOCTOR. Let me look at your ears, Rastus. (*DOCTOR looks at ears.*) Why, your ears are full of water. Been in swimming?

RASTUS. No, sah.

DOCTOR. How does it happen your ears are full of water?

RASTUS. Ah dunno, sah.

DOCTOR. Can't you think of any way you could have got water in your ears?

RASTUS. (*Thinks.*) Yes sah, Ah hab it, sah. I've bin eatin' watermelyun, sah.

DOCTOR. That's it exactly. Well, next time put it in your mouth instead of your ears. Go out and wipe your ears and I guess you'll be all right.

RASTUS. Yes, sah.

WISE. Perhaps the Doctor would like to hear your piece about the watermelon.

RASTUS. Yes, sah, Ah'll say it for him, sah. (*Recites.*)

There was a watermillion  
Growing on a vine  
And there were a pickaninny  
A-watching it all the time  
And when that watermillion  
Were a-ripenin' in the sun,  
And the stripes along its jacket  
Were coming one by one,  
That pickaninny hooked it,  
And toting it away.  
He ate that whole big million  
Within one single day,  
He ate the rind and pieces,  
He finished it with vim,  
And then that watermillion  
Just up and finished him.

DOCTOR. Fine, Rastus, fine. I expect you'll be a great orator some day. (*RASTUS grins and goes out.*)

WISE. I'd like to have you go in Miss Prim's room a little while, Doctor.

DOCTOR. All right. I'll go now.

(*DOCTOR and WISE go out. SILAS, BRIDGET and RACHEL have a great time fixing up a bug.*)

SILAS. Say, we'll hev some fun with the teacher. He thinks he knows all kinds of bugs.

RACHEL. Guess he'll get stuck on the name of this one.

BRIDGET. He won't own up he don't know its name I bet.

SILAS. Where'll we tell him we caught it?

RACHEL. Any old place. (*Add as much more talk as necessary to give time to get the bug all fixed.*)

BRIDGET. Quick, I hear him coming.

*Enter WISE.*

SILAS. Mr. Wise, can you tell me the name of this bug?

WISE (*hiding a smile and pretending to examine it carefully*). It seems a rare specimen. (*SILAS, RACHEL and*



BRIDGET *try very hard to keep from laughing aloud.*) Where did you find it?

SILAS. Over in the field near the church.

WISE. Did it *hum* when you caught it?

SILAS (*nudging RACHEL who stuffs handkerchief in mouth to keep from laughing.*) Yes, sir, it was humming like everything.

WISE. Well, then I think I should call it a *hum* bug.

SILAS (*meekly*). Yes, sir.

WISE. Have you finished your paper on Abraham Lincoln, Silas?

SILAS. Yes, sir.

WISE. You may read it.

SILAS (*reading very slowly*). Abraham Lincoln was born on a bright summer day the twelfth of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin which he had helped his father to build.

WISE. You are certainly one bright boy, Silas. Born on a bright summer's day in February in a log cabin he had helped his father to build. You go back to your room now and work on your spelling lesson. (*SILAS goes out.*)

DOCTOR and PATRICK *enter*.

DOCTOR. Now, Pat, let me see your hands. They look clean now but (*examining*) I'm afraid he has impetigo contagiosa, Mr. Wise.

WISE. I was afraid that was the trouble. I think we had better send a boy and ask Mrs. O'Flannigan to come to the office right away. (*Steps to speaking tube.*) Miss Green, send one of your boys to Mrs. O'Flannigan's and ask her to come right up to the school.

PATRICK. Is that wot makes me dizzy and everythin' go round and round, Doctor?

DOCTOR. No, it is only a slight disease of the skin and ought not to make you feel that way. I'm afraid you've been smoking.

PATRICK. No, sir. I ain't, honest. I guess I'm in love.

DOCTOR. In love! What makes you think you are in love?

PATRICK. Well, the song says 'tis love that makes the world go round and the world is goin' round somethin' orful ter me just now. I guess I've gone an' caught it.

DOCTOR. I'll give you something that will fix that all right. (*Gives him a tablet.*) Here, take this and you'll soon feel better.

PATRICK. Say, Doctor, you're makin' a pretty good thing out of the rich Jones kid, ain't yer?

DOCTOR. Why, yes, but what is that to you?

PATRICK. Cuz I hope yer won't fergit that I wuz the kid wot threw the brick wot hit him and guv you the job.

WISE. Yes, remember Patrick you had your payment for it—a good whipping.

PATRICK. I'd like another kind of payment.

WISE. You sit down, Patrick, until your mother comes. (*PATRICK sits down.*)

TOMMY TERROR *enters.*

TOMMY. Teacher sez I ain't been vaccinated an' I hev ter be.

DOCTOR. Well, I'm all ready for you. Roll up your sleeve.

(*TOMMY rolls up sleeve, DOCTOR pretends to vaccinate, then starts to bandage arm.*)

TOMMY. Aw, put de rag on de odder arm.

DOCTOR. Why, no, I want to put the bandage on the sore arm so the boys at school won't hit you on it.

TOMMY. Aw, come off. Yer don't know der fellers at dis school. Put it on de odder arm ter fool 'em—See? (*DOCTOR laughs, finishes bandaging.*)

WISE (*to PATRICK*). Did you bring your excuse for being absent last Friday?

PATRICK. Yes, sir (*after much fumbling and pulling out of all sorts of ludicrous articles he hands MR. WISE a very dirty note*).

WISE (*reading aloud*). Dere Mam, Pleas excus Patsy. He didn't have but wan pair of pants an' Oi kep' him home

to wash thim an' Mrs. O'Toole's goat come and et thim off the line and that ot to be eguise enuff goodness nose.

Yours with respect

Mrs. O'Flannigan.

(*To PATRICK.*) Well, I see you have another pair now, Patrick.

PATRICK. Me sister's husband's brother's kid guv me dese and yer jest bet dey don't git washed fur no goat ter eat—I'm agoin' ter sleep in em. De odders wuzn't dirty none ter hurt. I jest fell down in de pig pen in 'em an' de next day in de sink drain but 'twas all dried on an' didn't hurt 'em a bit.

*Enter IKEY SHIMELOVITCH with many clothes all sewed on.*

IKEY. Teacher sent me in ter let de doctor look at me. She says I don't smell sweet.

DOCTOR (*going to IKEY and turning him round and round*). Phew, I should say you didn't. Who sewed your clothes on like that?

IKEY. Me mudder did.

DOCTOR. How long ago?

IKEY. It will be three months next Tuesday.

DOCTOR. Well, you go home to your mother just as quick as you can get there and tell her to rip those clothes off of you, give you a bath, put some clean clothes on you and send you back here to school.

IKEY. Me mudder will be mad at you. (*Exit.*)

DOCTOR. I'm going into Miss Austin's room now. If any more cases are sent to the office call me in. (*DOCTOR goes out.*)

JOHN SPEECHER *enters.*

JOHN. Teacher sent me to speak my piece to you.

WISE. All right, I'm not busy just this minute. Go ahead and say it. (*JOHN may have some simple piece, stumble, forget, etc., or he may have a "smarty" piece and act smart over it, MR. WISE making remarks appropriate for the piece and manner of saying it after which JOHN is sent back to room.*)

*Enter* MRS. SHIMELOVITCH *with* IKEY—MRS. S. *very angry*.

MRS. S. I vant to see de von dat send mine Ikey home.

WISE. The doctor sent him home, Mrs. Shimelovitch.

MRS. S. Vere is he? I hit him! I punch him! I black his eye! Vy for did he send mine Ikey home und dell me to dake off dese clothes? I dell you I dake tree hours sew dem clothes on mine Ikey und dey stay right on him till May. Now den.

WISE. That won't do, Mrs. Shimelovitch. The child needs a bath and clean clothes. The teacher and the other pupils can't stand it.

MRS. S. I tont sent mine Ikey to school for no teacher to smell. I sent mine Ikey fer his teacher to learn him, not to smell him. Ikey's ain't no rose. I vant to see that toctor.

WISE. I'll call the Doctor if you wish to see him (*Steps to speaking tube*). Can you come to the office, Doctor? Ask the nurse to come, too. (*To Mrs. S.*) I'm glad you called, Mrs Shimelovitch, the nurse wanted to speak to you about Rachel's head.

MISS H. *enters*.

WISE (*to* MISS H.). This is Rachel's mother, Miss Hobson. You wanted to show her Rachel's head.

MISS H. Come here, Rachel. Now Mrs. Shimelovitch, I want you to see Rachel's head. (MRS. S. *with fire in her eye comes near*.) You see her head is full of nits which you must get out at once.

MRS. S. (*angrily*). Mine Rachel haf not one bug in her head. I dell you you dell big lies.

MISS H. (*pulls out hair and shows it to* MRS. S.) You can see for yourself. There they are.

MRS. S. I dell you you dell big lies. You pull that hair out of some one else's head and pud it in mine Rachel's for spite. I like to pull your hair und slap your face.

*Enter* DOCTOR. MRS. S. *goes toward him, shaking her fist in his face*.

MRS. S. Vot for you sent mine Ikey home?

DOCTOR (*very calmly*). To have a bath and get some clean clothes.

MRS. S. I gif him no bath und I puds no clean clothes on him till next May, I dell you. He all sewed up for de winter und I tont dake off dem clothes for no little toctor like you vas.

DOCTOR. You take Ikey and go home with him and clean him up and you take Rachel and clean her head or I'll have the board of health after you. Now, start or I'll call in the police.

MRS. S. Come Ikey und Rachel, ve vill go home (*shaking fist*), but I vill punch you head yet, all tree of you, I vill punch your head. (*Takes IKEY and RACHEL by hands and goes out muttering and threatening.*)

*Enter MRS. O'FLANNIGAN out of breath, red faced, shawl over head.*

MRS. O. The boiy sed as how yez wuz afther wanting ter see me immijately if not sooner so Oi jist lift me washin' and come along ter wanst. Shure and phwat are me two darlints in here for?

WISE. The nurse wanted to speak to you about Bridget's head.

MISS H. Just look here, Mrs. O'Flannigan. (*Shows MRS. O. BRIDGET'S head.*)

MRS. O. Shure, Oi do be afther knowing there ain't no bugs in Bridgie's hid. Oim very perticuler about the darlint's hid. Iviry morning Oi take the foine tooth comb and Oi combs thim out and Oi puts them on the floor and Oi stips on thim. (*Acts out.*)

MISS H. But look here—there are the nits—you must get rid of those too.

MRS. O. Be jabbers and phwat are nits?

MISS H. I'll show you. Look right there—that little speck.

MRS. O. Shure and did yez have me lave me wurrk and give mesilf heart disease running up here to say a little spick on the darlint's hair. Begorry, and yez had better be in better bisness. Hurting the poor child's tinder falings

too! Oi suppose you mane well but yez haven's a mother tinder falings for her childers. Bridgie is that timid it brakes her heart to spake cross to her. (BRIDGET *has been holding her mother's bag and has taken out her pocketbook.*) Bridget, if you take wan cint out of that pocketbook Oi'll brake iviry bone in yer body. Now moind what Oi say or Oi'll knock you spacheless. As Oi wuz asayin' yez can't be ixpicted to have a mother's tinder falings. What's the matter wid me dare little Patsy?

WISE. I wanted you to see his hands. He has impetigo contagiosa.

MRS. O. (*throwing up hands*). Howly mither of Moses and phwat do that be? If it's as bad as it sounds it must be something orful. Will yez say it agin?

WISE. Impetigo contagiosa. It is a disease of the skin.

DOCTOR. Here is something for you to put on them, Mrs. O'Flannigan, and you must make him keep them cleaner.

MRS. O. (*hands on hips*). Shure, yez make an orful toime about a little doirt. Doirt's healthy and if yez hed the childer Oi hev O'id loike to say yez kape thim clane.

WISE. How many children have you, Mrs. O'Flannigan?

MRS. O. Twelve in awl—foive by the thoird woife of me sicind husband, wan by the sicind wife of me furst husband and foive of me own and wan sick wan. (*To PATSY who is hitting BRIDGET.*) Patsy, you young scalpeen, Oi'll knock yer hed agin the wall if yez don't be afther sthopping hitting, Bridgie. Do yez hear me—Sthop it, Oi say or Oi'll knock yer hid complatly off yer shoulders.

MISS H. What is the matter with your sick child?

MRS. O. Shure she do be having the gangrene—the dochter do be tilling us.

MISS H. Gangrene! That is pretty serious.

MRS. O. Yis, but Oi tills me owld man we kin be thankful for the color. Oi'll be goin' back to me washin'. Be keerful uv me rare, dilicate little darlints. Oi know yez mane well, yer intintions are good but a taycher ain't loike a mother—they can't fale the same for them. Oi ixpect



thim childers at home are up to their ayes in mischafe. Oi must hurry home and bate iverywan of thim into obagence.

WISE. It's just time for school to close so Patrick and Bridget may go along with you.

MRS. O. All roight, sorr, that will be foine. Good day to yez all. (*Exit* MRS. O., PATRICK and BRIDGET.)

WISE. There's the gong. It has been rather a strenuous morning.

PATRICK (*poking head in door*). Some one stole me cap off uv me.

WISE. You look again and I guess you'll find it.

MRS. O. (*calling*). Here it is, Patsy. Haven't yez anny oiyes in yer head at all, at all?

DOCTOR. I'm ready for some dinner.

WISE. So am I.

(CURTAIN, or DOCTOR, MISS H. and WISE can get on wraps, chatting meanwhile and pass out.)

CURTAIN.

# Kicked Out of College

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 25 Cents

College farce in 3 acts; 10 males, 9 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scenes: 2 interiors. An excellent comedy of masterly construction, abounding in incident and mirth provoking episode, rapid in action and cumulative in interest. Great opportunity is offered for juvenile comedian to impersonate a temperamental young lady. Side-splitting parts for coon and "cullud" wash-lady. Sporty college boys, the hen-pecked husband, the brusque business man, the college grind, a suffragist leader, three dainty ingenues, a motherly old landlady, a frisky French demoiselle, a saucy kid of ten, and a slangy stenographer, add local college color and general interest. The most popular boy in college is so busy with an invention and with his various social and athletic activities, that he is dropped from the roll, but later makes good and is allowed to re-enter.

## SYNOPSIS

Act I.—Room in "Ma" Baggsby's college boarding house. College pranks. The new "fawncy dawncs," Tad Cheseldine, the college cut-up, and his chum, Bootles Benbow. "I've always told Bootles that he ought to go to class at least once a week." The auto race. A rehearsal for the college play. "They say the chield is in London." Betty and Jonquil visit the college. "I thought you were my long-lost darling baby!" Jonquil and Bootles each think the other deaf. Kicked out of college. "Get married and settle down!" Bootles introduces his first little wife.

Act II.—Suite of rooms in Honeymoon Flats. The Benbows entertain. Salamanca Spivins, the black wash-lady, on a rampage. "Bootles, pay the lady what you owe her." "Pay her yourself, you're my wife." "He's done gone and married a man!" Bootles at work on his patent air brake. Fleurette, the lady from gay Paree. Salamanca returns with Riley, the cop. Bootles introduces his second little wife. A little tea party. The suffragette parade. The jealous Mrs. McCann makes it hot for Sandy. "How many wives have you?" "He's joined the Mormons and hath taken unto himself two wives, and they're both suffragettes."

Act III.—Same as Act II. Bootles tries to explain. "The doctor positively forbids me to kiss anyone; it's not good for my complexion." Mr. Benbow begins to be suspicious. Riley, the cop, becomes a detective. "Not one penny of my money will ever come his way." "My wife, Flora McFlimsy." Jonquil and Betty get wise. "I'm awfully glad you're not married, Bootles." Riley, disguised as a Freshman, gets the third degree. A trip to the moon. Mr. Gears offers Bootles five thousand dollars for his invention. Bootles becomes a student once again. The third little wife.

---

# All on a Summer's Day

By LINDSEY BARBEE

Price, 15 Cents

Comedy; 4 males, 6 females. Time, 40 minutes. A newly married couple, at a summer hotel, who wish to disguise the fact that they are bride and groom, so overplay the part that they are mistaken for a pair of clever thieves, who have recently been operating in that section. It is full of action and the porch gossips supply the comedy.

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# Civil Service

By WALTER BEN HARE

Price, 25 Cents

Drama in 3 acts; 6 males, 5 females. Time, 2¼ hours. Scene: 1 interior. Characters: Old R. F. D., character lead. Inspector. Postmaster. Young Money Order Clerk. Mailing Clerk. Country Boy. Postmaster's Daughter. Lady of Importance. Hired Girl, character soubrette. A Collector. The Plucky Little Stamp Clerk, leading lady.

It depicts the joys and sorrows, the heartaches and struggles and temptations of a small group of government employes working in a postoffice in a small city in the middle west. A play with a punch with many a laugh—an occasional tear.

## SYNOPSIS

Act I.—The work room of the postoffice. Octavia's birthday. Steve Audaine in debt. Old R. F. D. rides thirteen miles through the snow. "Old Bess ain't what you'd call a reindeer, but she's a good, faithful animile." Goldie Wex, the new substitute from the country. Steve in trouble with the collector. "You can't force me into the hands of the loan-sharks; I'd rather lose my job." A lady of importance, Mrs. T. R. Jeffs. Steve yields to temptation. R. F. D. tells the dramatic story of his life in prison. The little stamp clerk comes home. "My laddie, my laddie! My dream is over!"

Act II.—A half holiday. The postmaster's daughter announces her engagement. "I have risked my reputation to gratify her slightest desire." The letter for Ira Troutman, Esq. A little homestead in Montana. "There never was a cloud yet too dark to have a silver lining." R. F. D., the comforter. Goldie's lady friend, Miss Birdie Bivins, who works out. The postoffice inspector. Goldie in the toils of the law. "You lie, Steve Audaine, you stole that hundred dollars!" The sacrifice of R. F. D.

Act III.—The next morning. Birdie and Goldie looking for a license. "We don't want a dog license; we want a wedding license." The inspector and the plucky little stamp clerk. Kate is suspected of robbing the mails. Steve finds his father. Kate appeals to Mrs. Jeffs. "Would you send an old soldier to prison for life?" Mrs. Jeffs sees her duty and does it. "The sun is shining on a new life, and we'll all be together, me and my boy and my little princess."

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# Teacher, Kin I Go Home?

By HARRY L. NEWTON

Price, 15 Cents

A rural school episode; 7 males, 3 females. Time, about 35 minutes. Scene: A country school room. Characters: Hezekiah Quackenbush, the teacher. Mose Doolittle, the janitor. Pat Clancy, a school director. Gus Sweitzer, another. Hi Grass, a town selectman. Harold Green, the nice boy. Willie White, the bad boy. Ethel Grey, the pretty pupil. Betty Brown, the homely pupil. Martha Crabapple, a suffragette. The cast is elastic and more characters may easily be introduced. Drills, recitations, etc. can be added according to the talent available. A humorous bit of school life direct from Grass Center, Vermont.

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# The Press-Agent's Handbook

By FREDERICK G. JOHNSON.

Price, 25 Cents

How to advertise a play. Designed primarily for the use of dramatic clubs and other groups of amateur entertainers. The information is clearly and concisely presented. Fine-spun, untried theories have been studiously avoided. The material is largely the direct result of experience gained by a practical advertising man in promoting the publicity for many amateur entertainments, and his financial success has been the best testimonial for the value of the advice given in this book.

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